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V 29 1935
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PURPLE PARROT



Robertson

HOMECOMING!

OCTOBER 1935

20c



NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY.

They're easy on
my throat

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in *Luckies*

CONVUHSATION

"Joe! Wellsasightfasoreyes!"
 "How the hell are ya, Tom?"
 "Have a good summer?"
 "Sa-well. You?"
 "Sa-well."
 "Oh, par' me. Miss Rook, s' Misser Smith."
 "Howdyado."
 "Howdyado."
 "She's a new freshman."
 "Y'are? Well, well well."
 "Yeah, she's a new freshman."
 "Well, howdya like our U., Miss Smith?"
 "I like it fine. It's nice."
 "Yeah, ain't it."
 "I like it fine."
 "Whereyafrom, Miss Smith?"
 "Tunkahannock. You know."
 "Y'are? Well, well, well."
 "Yeah, Tunkahannock. Ya know anybody in Tunkahannock?"
 "In Tunkahannock. Well, I should say. Luke Scroggs out at the house, he's from Tunkahannock, ain't he, Joe?"

"Yeah."
 "Well, well, well. Sasmallworldafterall."
 "Yea, aint it though."
 "Well, I gotta go to this here conference it says here."
 "Glad to have metcha, Miss Smith."
 "Same here."
 "Nice kid, ain't she, Joe?"
 "Yea. Sa-well. Only her conversation ain't what you would call exackly good, if you get what I mean, Tom."
 "Well jeez, ya can't expeck a frosh only to talk like us seniors, canya, Joe?"
 "No, I guesseyaright about that, al-right."
 "Well seeyaoutahouse, Joe."
 "Yeah, seeya."
 "S'long."
 "S'long."

—Froth.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

Lives there a man with soul so dead
 Who to himself hath never said:
 "Well, this one is different?"

—Punch Bowl.



"Dey don't judge by 'face value' in there, bo!"

"The boys in the fraternity must be out. The lights are not on."

"No. They are giving a party."

—Punch Bowl.

1st—"Have you heard how a bustle and an historical romance are alike?"

2nd—"No, how?"

1st—"Both are fictitious tales, based on stern reality."

—Exchange.

Salesman—"Do you wear nightgowns or pajamas?"

Young Lady—"No."

Salesman—"My name is Bower,—Jake Bower."

—Bored Walk.

Never turn your back on a mule—he'll get you in the end.

—Exchange.

Myra—"Sir, I believe you are trying to kiss me."

Ed—"Well, now that you know, suppose we quit assaulting each other and cooperate a bit."

—Old Line.

"How come I found my daughter sitting on your lap?"

"I got here early, sir; before the others."

—Texas Ranger.

He (asking a riddle): "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

—Rammer-jammer.

Visitor at Fraternity House—"Say, buddy, where are the showers? I want to take a bath."

Pledge—"Sorry, Sir, I don't know. I've only been here a semester."

—Kitty Kat.

The shortest perceptible unit of time is the difference between the moment the traffic light changes and the boob behind you honks for you to go.

—Siren.

Fair Maid: "Oh, sir, what kind of an officer are you?"

Officer: "I'm a naval surgeon."

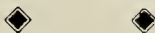
Fair Maid: "My goodness! How you doctors do specialize."

—Buyers News.



JUNIORS

The Syllabus Managers
request your attention to
have the Junior pictures
made NOW. All sittings
must be completed by
November 10



EUGENE L. RAY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER for NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
Studio: 1606 Chicago Ave. Evanston

RAMBLINGS OF A RUSHEE'S RAVING MIND

Once there was a farmer whose name was Psi. One day while he was raking alpha in the fields, the Italian peddler Epsilon came up tau him.

"Get out," said Psi, "Or I'll sigma dog on you."

"Thatsa how I gotta my nu kappa torn. I took a pi from a window sill. Iota know beta, I supposa."

Just then Psi's old Gamma hobbled out tau the aljha fields humming "When It's Darkness on the Delta."

"Phi, Phi," said Gamma when she saw Epsilon, "Why is a big strong chi like you peddling?"

"I lika da musig, ma frau. But I am a failure, xi?"

"Are you nu tau this part of the country?" said Psi.

"Nu, I used to rho on the college crew here."

"So did I," said Psi. "Come, omicron, tau the house."

So they eta some lambda.



Little Audrey and her boy friend were sitting on a sofa, when the boy friend remarked that it was so dark that he couldn't see his hand in front of his face. And little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she knew all the time that his hand wasn't in front of his face.

—Kitty Kat.



The wearing of a frat pin used to denote an engagement. Now it only shows that there has been a small skirmish.

—Sundial.



Once upon a time, around the first of the year, a senior who smiled very broadly stepped out upon the campus. It was seen that he was smiling very broadly indeed, and he strode about with much vigor and energy. It was very pleased and very happy.

"Good news from home?" "Passed your exams?" "Leave you a million?" "Has your prom date been buried?" he was asked.

"None of these, proudly boasted the vain and smiling senior. "I've just had the sheets on my bed changed."

—Banter.

RETORT DEVASTATING

A young man confiding in his father that he was engaged to a girl and wanted to marry her soon was told that he couldn't marry her because he (the father) was the girl's father and that made her his son's sister.

The young man, greatly distressed and grieved, went to his mother.

"Go ahead and marry the girl, my son, and don't worry. She's not your sister because he isn't your father."

—*Banter.*

This is just
Another one
Of them damn things
That you have to read
All the way
Down to here
To find out
It is just
Another one
Of them damn things.

—*Red Cat.*

Seeing is cribbing.

—*Siren.*

"What are the chances of my recovering, doctor?"

"One hundred per cent! Medical records show that nine out of ten with the disease you have, die. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. The others all died—you're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

—*Siren.*

WHO, ME?

Adolescence, growing up.
Girls, books, sex books,
Pictures, work,
Play, play girls,
Dance, love,
Ten cents a dance,
Study, be somebody.
Do You?—*Pelican.*

—*Punch Bowl.*

Seen at a neighborhood movie house:
Double feature today—

Life Begins at Forty
In a Pig's Eye.

—*Red Cat.*

He says "Do you smoke?"

I says "Who?"

He says "You."

I says "Me?"

He says "Yeh."

I says "Naw."

He says "Do you drink?"

I says "Who?"

He says "You."

I says "Me?"

He says "Yeh."

I says "Naw."

He says "Do you pet?"

I says "Who?"

He says "You."

I says "Me?"

He says "Yeh."

I says "Well, seein' as how it's you."

To the best of my knowledge this has never been in print before. It was originated, during a brain-storm, by the friend of a friend of mine.

"What foah dat doctah comin' outa youah house?"

"Ah dunno but Ah thinks Ah's got an inkling."

—*Frivol.*

"How was it you were kissing my daughter, young man? How was it?"

"Swell."

—*Alabama Rambler.*

The day was warm, the hour was late,
But the Editor's work all had to wait,
With nervous steps he paced the floor
And looked askance at the card he bore—

Then, suddenly, quickly—a timorous rap!

With puzzled expression he answered the tap.

It was a frosh, with face scared, and wet;

"I—I sent you a joke—did you get it, yet?"

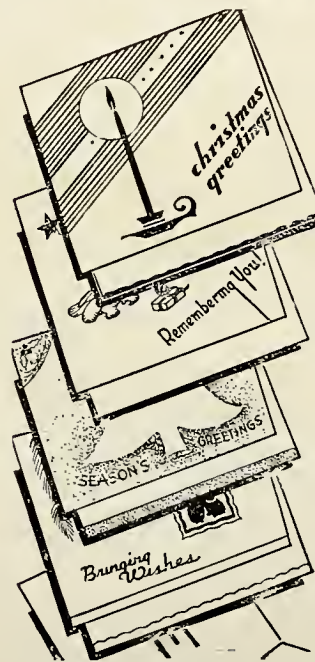
The editor groaned, as he looked at that card—

"Not yet," he shrieked . . . "but I'm trying hard!!"

—*Beanpot.*

50 Beautiful Christmas Cards

EACH WITH YOUR NAME



..with Envelopes

ONLY \$1.00

**COME IN AND ORDER
YOUR CARDS Now!**

XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

- Pipes and Smokers Supplies
- Cigarette Lighters
- Compacts and Cases
- Stationery — Fountain Pens
- Radios — Typewriters

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP ASS'N**

Orrington Hotel Bldg. Gre. 2600

CARBON[®] COPY

*Ed's Note: We use "Carbon" advisedly.
It's the blackest thing we know of.

RETORTS VARIOUS

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus Girl—"How much has he?"

Literary Girl—"What does he read?"

Society Girl—"Who are his family?"

Religious Girl—"What church does he belong to?"

College Girl—"Where is he?"

—Gargoyle.

"I'm going to quit dating Engineers, they leave blueprints on my neck."

"Yeah, but lawyers are always contesting your will."

—Whirlwind.

Some day we hope to see a waiter with enough of what it takes to lay the check face-up on the table.

—Pelican.

"Why did you give that check room girl a dollar tip?"

"Look at the hat she gave me!"

—Froth.

Math Professor: "Now, Mr. Zilchguard, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here, how many eggs will I have?"

Mr. Zilchguard: (with a questioning glance): "I don't believe you can do it, sir."

—Pointer.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."

—Battalion.

"Are you fond of nuts?"

"Is this a proposal?"

—Texas Ranger.

Bera: He was kicked out of school for cheating!

Fiji: How come?

Bera: He was caught counting his ribs in a hygiene exam.

—Gargoyle.

WHAT?

"I bet you come from a burg where all the hicks congregate at the post office for their mail."

"What's a post office?"

—Red Cat.

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"Ha, ha, that was no lady. That was your wife."

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Ranger.

BRAND NEW

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's office. Will you please hold the wire?"

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's private secretary. Hold the line a minute, please."

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"Well this is Schneck. Goldfarb, you stink!"

—Medley.

The strong man at the circus took a lemon and cut it in half. He took one half in his hands and squeezed out the juice, using all his strength. Then he said:

"Anyone in the audience who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this half-lemon gets \$25."

Several huskies walked up to the platform. They squeezed with all their power, but not a drop came out. Then a scrawny, little man walked up. He took the lemon-rind in one hand. About a pailful of juice came out.

The strong man was astounded. "Who the hell are you?" he asked.

The little man looked up at him disdainfully. "I'm a buyer for the A. & P."

—Exchange.



Boy: I wish—I wish—

Girl: Well, don't rub me—I'm not Alladin's Lamp.

Marooned with a Mental Mummy?

... light an Old Gold



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

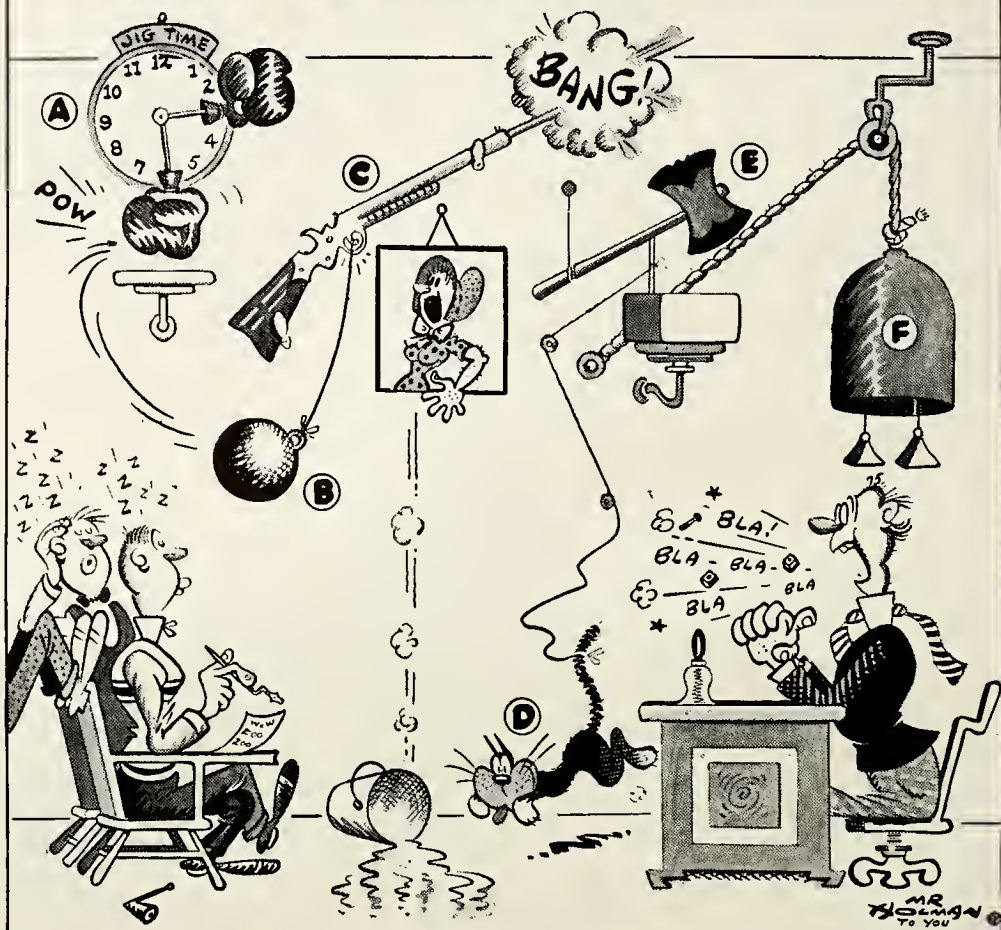
WHEN a tropical typhoon traps you on a desert isle with a muddle-minded cavalier, don't waste away waiting for the rescue. Relax! . . . Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will soothe your nerves and turn your predicament into a paradise.

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

EASY WAY TO STOP THE PROFESSOR FROM TALKING OVERTIME

MINUTE HAND ON CLOCK (A) REACHES DISMISSAL TIME KNOCKING CANNON BALL (B) OFF STAND FIRING GUN (C) WHICH FRIGHTENS MILKMAID WHO DROPS MILK PAIL. HUNGRY CAT (D) RUNS TO LAP UP MILK RELEASING AXE (E) WHICH CUTS ROPE FREEING HOOD (F) WHICH DROPS OVER PROFESSOR'S HEAD AND BLINDS HIM. STUDENTS TAKE FEET OFF DESKS AND SCRAM



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT HAS EXTRA FLAVOR, COMBINED WITH MILDNESS. WHAT A SMOKE!



2
OUNCES



2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT —MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT. NEVER BITES THE TONGUE AND 2 OZ. IN EVERY TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Words in Explanation

Our fellow publication, the Daily, occasionally has a novel idea. When they quoted your unsuspecting editor as exclaiming "Why a Theme?" when questioned about this issue, they originated something. And so, if you like, you may call this the "Aimless Parrot" or "Auntie in Search of a Theme." Apologies are naturally in order for the homecoming cover which unfortunately had already gone to press when this brainstorm arose from heretofore sterile ground.

We are indebted, as usual, to our many friends throughout the nation for our jokes. We were going to reform this phase of Polly, but instead we not only borrow jokes but cartoons as well thanks to the efforts of our on-his-toes Exchange editor.

Carmody is with us again as Parody fans will note and likewise our friend, Niemann, with a better crop of campus shots. Kind permission was given us to disclose to you the facts of the life of another campus celebrity—"Our Joe." Aunt Polly is as faithful as she is clever and her usual shovel of dirt is to be found soiling our pages again. Stewart Merrill did a job with Chips that is recommended without necessity to adults and children alike.

Great honor is bestowed on our lowly pages by Al Lind, Co-Captain of the 1935 Wildcats. Pencilled with the aid of Marge Kelly are his ideas about fame.

Hard work was the share of many an artist who has labored for Polly and particular boosts are the dues of Jack Robertson, "Speed" Wheeler and Julian Gross.

Remarkable for name and ability—Mary McSherry of Willard Hall.

To those who have not been peeping while we explained—in closing, apologies to all Old Grads, ghosts and spirits—they didn't get their usual space. For this we thank God—you may thank us.



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'ROUND THE LOOP

THE PALMER HOUSE . . . The Empire Room . . .
Presenting the incomparable dancers . . . Veloz
and Yolanda . . . with their own orchestra . . .
Dine . . . \$2.50 . . . Sup . . . \$2.00 . . . Satur-
day \$2.50

THE DRAKE . . . Dancing in the
Gold Coast Room . . . Horace
Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers
. . . \$2.00 Minimum . . . Satur-
day \$2.50

THE COLLEGE INN . . . Hotel Sherman . . .
George Olsen and Ethel Shutta . . . With a new
floor show on ice skates . . . Minimums . . . \$2.00
and \$2.50

THE TERRACE ROOM . . . In
the Morrison Hotel . . . Enric
Madriguera and his NBC orchestra
. . . Dinner . . . \$2.50 . . . Sup-
per . . . \$2.00 . . . Sat. . . . \$2.50

With Johnnie
Fuller

THE STEVENS . . . Seymour Simons carries on in
the Continental Room . . . \$1.50 minimum . . .
Saturday . . . \$2.00

THE BISMARCK . . . The Walnut
Room . . . a new floor show . . .
and Leonard Keller's orchestra
. . . \$1.50 minimum, Saturday

SHOWSPOTS

ERLANGER . . . Presenting Walter Huston in a new
show direct from Broadway . . . "Dodsworth"

SELWYN . . . Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road" . . .
humorous tragedy of the poor class in the south

HARRIS . . . "Three Men on a Horse" . . . roaring comedy
of the race track



FINAL PAUSE

THE HUDDLE . . . Student
Rendezvous . . . Orrington
Avenue

COOLEY'S CUPBOARD
. . . Popular meeting places
. . . Main . . . Chicago . . .
Orrington

CLUB SILHOUETTE . . .
Good food and entertain-
ment . . . 1555 Howard

THE HUT . . . Opposite
Willard Hall

STUDENT GRILL . . . East
of Fisk . . . on the lake

THE SAN PEDRO . . . No
Man's Land

THE EDITOR PRESENTS
HIS FIRST GUEST EDITORIAL ON

FAME

...as told to MARGE KELLY by
AL LIND, Co-Captain, 1935 Wildcats

Fame is rather an empty and meaningless thing. In a technical sense, it is a condition whereby an individual is raised above the average through some outstanding talent. It is definitely a matter of extremes because a person who is famous is at his zenith of popularity one moment and out of public favor the next.

And an individual, who is in the limelight, is subject to an undue amount of criticism. The public starts out by overrating a renowned personage and if the person does not live up to the public's exaggerated opinion, he is underrated.

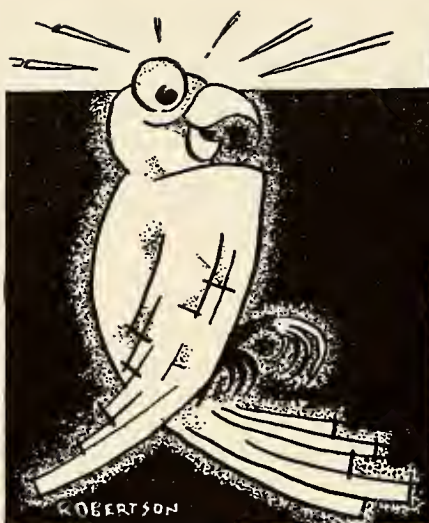
One is definitely aware of all these elements in the world of sports. In football, there is a tendency for journalists to select one member of the team to star in their write-ups and the procedure is similar to the creation of a snowball in that the element starts out in small proportions and gradually increases to a large size. According to various football coaches, the ideal situation would be the complete obliteration of newspapers from the minds of the players.

A team cannot gain renown unless all its members are cooperating to their fullest extent. There should be no star plays, but only team plays.

A coach sincerely admires the man who will play just as interestingly before an empty stadium during the week as he does before a cheering crowd the day of the game. This type of a man really deserves the highest acknowledgment.

Fame should not be expressed in the terms of an individual's abilities alone, but also in the sense of the personality possessed. When one football team plays another, the members of one team do not seek friendship because of the other men's ability to play the game. They seek an interesting and intelligent personality and this is frequently measured in the quality of sportsmanship. An excellent test for this quality is the manner in which some of the players accept renown in the public eye. It has been proven in many instances that the man who does not make it obvious that he is judged with high esteem, is really the famous individual and not the one who definitely brings out the fact that he is thought to be famous.

In short, true fame depends on how the individual is accepted by the public and whether he uses or abuses this acknowledgment.



This month's parrot story. We like it because it reminds us of the ohsogood-looking girl that told it the first time we heard it. It concerns the gentleman who bought a parrot for companionship from a glib pet shop salesman who assured him that the chatter of the bird would be a constant source of amusement for him. The man got the parrot home, set it up in a fine cage, with plenty of food and drink, started the radio going to make the pet feel entirely at home, then sat down for a nice homey conversation. But the bird refused to utter a sound. It wouldn't respond to anything, but just sat there in dead silence, listening to the radio perhaps, and eating and drinking. The owner, very indignant, rushed back to the shop where he had brought the thing, and demanded an explanation of why the parrot wouldn't speak. The clerk questioned him regarding the feeding of the bird, the size of the cage, and a lot of other things, and at length decided that all the bird needed was a good shaking up. "You take him," he told the customer, "and whirl him around by his tail. Then he'll talk." So back to his pet the man went, and with some trepidation, and after a bit of a fuss, succeeded in grabbing the bird by the tail, and proceeded to swing it around and around over his head. Presently he sat the parrot down on the floor, and listened. Not a sound. It reeled a little and blinked, but wouldn't speak. Again the man swung it around and around, this time for about twice as long, and still with no results. The

PURPLE PARROT PARODY

By TOM CARMODY

third time the lonely man whirled and whirled for twice again as long before setting the bird down. This time, finally, the parrot showed some life. It reeled and blinked, shook its head, stretched its neck, and breathlessly croaked, "Hot dam! What a breeze!"

Some people do do the gosh darned-est things. There was a tavern keeper down on Chicago's south side who had been held up three times within a few weeks' time. He was a peaceable enough sort of chap, but very impressionable, and he got the idea that everyone who was going to do any sticking up was going to pick on him. So he obtained a permit and armed himself with a large revolver which he carried with him at all times, even tucking it under his pillow at night. One night he dreamed somebody was holding him up, and that he was putting up strong resistance. It was a sweet struggle until he woke up and found himself holding the revolver, smoking, in his hand, and possessed of one (1) gory wound in his back. He had shot himself while dreaming. A week or so later he died. It proves nothing, except that he should have used a Sink-rightin Feather Mattress, "To drive away those dreams."

One of the best columns anywhere, we think, is Ted Cook's, Co-Koos, which appears locally in the *Herex*. One feature of his piece is his Daily Doubt, or Bull-etin, department. It is made up of a quotation which Cook gleans from articles, speeches, interviews, etc., and is run right beside the cut of a rampant, snorting bull's head.

We bring it up because we wanted to nominate for that department a paragraph from Northwestern's *Daily*, to wit: "Norm Korff, head cheerleader, said yesterday, 'This pep meeting will give the boys the necessary incentive to go down to Columbus and fight as they have never fought before. It will show them that the students are behind the team. We are planning to make this one of the biggest meetings the school has ever seen.'"

One night this summer we were standing in front of a shop window on lower Michigan Boulevard looking over a window of assorted *Objets D'art*, when the remark of a passerby floated over to us. It came from one of two young men who were walking rapidly along. It seemed that the young man "walked along here when I was drunk last winter, to sober up."

As a general rule we don't have much sympathy for punsters. But we were amused at a friend of ours one night who was describing the proprietress of a Rogers Park tavern. "She has," our friend declared with the punster's typical maliciousness, "A wry neck, a Scotch disposition, a gin fizz, and is sorta down in vermouth." We thought there was quite a punch to the description.

According to the newspapers a war is being waged against the w.k. Conquering Lion of Judah by the even better known Italian, Benito Mussolini. Nobody seems to know quite who's ahead, or why, but one report stated that Selassie had abandoned attempts to defend his country and was launching a counter-invasion into Eritrea.

From this we deduced that the C. L. of J. has been reading in the newspapers just what a desolate and gosh-awful place Ethiopia really is, and decided to let the Italians have it, while he, meanwhile, went out and snatched off some really good land.

We came across a friend of ours who is really peeved at one result of the war. "It's the huge publicity that's been given to Abyssinia," he explained sorrowfully. "It used to be lots of fun asking people to name the capital of Abyssinia and then watching them squirm, but now everybody knows the answer. Why, they even pronounce it 'Adis A-waa-waa' just like the radio announcers." He brightened considerably when we suggested that he substitute Madagascar for Abyssinia in his little parlor game. How many of you know the capital of Madagascar? How many even know where Madagascar is? Do any of you care? In case anyone asks you (and our friend does get around), the capital is Tananarivo, and it's an island off the southern part of Africa.

U. H. blackout. A student, probably a freshman, or maybe just confused by the new arrangement of the old administration building was wandering about the first floor on a Monday morning. He couldn't find the room he was looking for, so he started trying doors, peeping in on several classes and professor's offices. In one class, Prof Fink of the English Dept. was explaining the Ptolemaic system of astronomy to a yawning class. The Prof. had a beautiful diagram sketched, and was pointing out the significant features of the medieval cosmography, progressing downward from "Heaven," throwing himself more and more into the description. "And," he proclaimed grandly, with a flourish, indicating the lower part of the diagram, "This is Hell." Just as he uttered these pregnant words the wandering one had stuck his head in the door. The intruder stared pop-eyed for a minute, shocked into a semi-paralytic state by the greeting, no doubt. Then he hastily withdrew, slamming the door emphatically. No one in the room laughed louder or longer than Prof. Fink.

Poetry corner. We got to thinking about things to eat and ways of eating the other day when we heard a fellow complaining that the only thing wrong with these breakfast food ads was that they didn't say whether the big, husky athletes ate the healthgiving food before or after their three-pound steaks. There's really no connection, but it did remind us of an old ditty which we print here, to wit:

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,

And never as people do now
Did he note the amount of the calory count;

He ate it because it was chow.

He was never concerned while at table
he sat,

Devouring a roast or a pie,
As to whether it held all the glandular fat,

Or was one or two vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food,

Unworried with troubles or fears
Lest his stomach be hurt by some fancy dessert;

And he lived nine hundred years.

A Mr. K. L. Ames, Director of Finances for the State of Illinois, recently announced that during the year ending October 1st, 133,956,626 gallons of beer and hard liquor were sold in this State. This amounts to seventeen gallons per Illinoisan. We presume all our readers are doing their part in this great work. But then of course that couldn't be. Evanston is dry.

We wonder if the censor will let us pass on contributor X's little observation. The men's room in University Hall bears the designation of room "1 and 2." Is this a university or a grammar school?

You can sneer at the Hearst dailies all you want to, but they're right in there when it comes to carrying the stuff that goes over with the great American "peepul." Whoever wrote it, that diary of Elaine "Ariel" Barrie, detailing her love affair with John "Snookums Caliban" Barrymore was a

real riot. We followed it closely, hoping to lift a few snappy quotations for the Parrot, but the thing would be spoiled if we tried to cut it up. Hearst also grabbed up Huey Long's epic, *I Am President*, which was as choice as Elaine's confessions. And you can't say that Mr. Hearst is lacking in spirit. In an open letter in his papers he admitted he wrote everything that appeared above his name. That was a brave admission.

Our nomination for the "man on the spot" this month goes to Premier Pierre Laval of France. No matter what he does he's going to be wrong, what with England tapping her foot impatiently on one side, and Mussolini frowning all over the other. Yessir, M'sieur Laval is literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. Our heart goes out to him.

Our social worker friend is back again. This time she was telling us about the sick little baby that she came across on one of her cases. It seems that this little tot was the particular pet of a large family, and when it got sick the family was very much concerned. The main cause for anxiety was their inability to tell what was wrong with the tiny fellow. That he was sick there could be no doubt, but a three-month old child is no diagnostician, and the family couldn't afford a doctor. So they stood around the baby's crib in tears, wringing their hands and trying all sorts of things to ease the little chap. The baby got no better despite all their ministrations, however, it just lay there in the crib, never moving, not making a sound, its face to the wall. Our friend joined the group of relatives around the crib and listened and watched as mother, father, and even grandparents spoke softly to the sick infant. Still it didn't move, or show the faintest interest. Finally the mother asked the visitor to see what she could do. Softly she approached the motionless bundle in the crib. Gently, fearfully, she leaned over towards the baby. "Little baby," she whispered, "Little baby, isn't there anything we can do for you?" And as they all waited breathlessly the baby

rolled over, and said, "Absolutely nothing."

Note on competitive tactics in this modern world. A young lawyer we know who is having a tough time getting ahead in his chosen profession tells this one on himself. It was one of his first cases before the bar, and he was exceedingly nervous. Although he had a fairly clear case with all the law on his side, he soon ran into difficulties. The lawyer for the opposition was an old-timer who knew all the tricks and didn't scruple to use them on our inexperienced friend. The veteran started his campaign by objecting to everything the other said no matter what it was. "It was," our friend tells, "Very unnerving, to say the least. Every time I opened my mouth, this fellow would jump up, walk up to the bench, and enter an objection. It got me pretty jittery, and the only thing I could think of to do was to pad right after him as if I knew what I was doing. After we put on this little act three or four times, I began to feel a bit more confident. Once again I started to say something. Up hopped my opponent and made for the bench. I followed importantly right behind him. Imagine how cheap I felt when, after reaching the clerk's desk, instead of going on and entering his objection he leaned over and nonchalantly spat in the cuspidor under the desk! Then he turned, without a word and walked back to his seat, leaving me standing

there, foolishly, as the court tittered. The only thing that enabled me to bear up under the humiliation was the resolve that I would use it myself the first chance I had."

It won't be long now till the citizens of the land of the free and the home of the brave go marching to the polls to elect themselves a president. As a matter of fact the mud is already beginning to fly. We're on the fence ourselves, ever since our favorite candidate was eliminated last month by violent means. All of which has nothing to do with the old gag we saw revived in a recent Collier's. It was a bit of political advice which we note the Gops have been giving a fling. It runs like this: If you have a good candidate and a poor platform, play up the candidate. If you have a poor candidate, and a good platform, play up the platform. If you have neither a good candidate nor a good platform, stand on the Constitution and wave the flag!

About the year fifteen hundred when superstition was rife, there was a strong belief amongst most people that the world was due to end in 1525. Nobody seems to know just where the idea originated (Wilbur Glenn Voliva hadn't started predicting Judgment Days yet), but there it was. And folks believed so implicitly that the days of the earth were definitely numbered that when the city fathers of Nurem-

burg, Germany, published a history known as the *Nuremburg Chronicle*, in 1509, they inserted, after the recording of events from the Creation to the date of the book, some sixteen blank pages which were to be used by the purchasers to write in the history of the remaining years of the world.

And Michel de Montaigne, famous French essayist and moralist, was raised in a manner which his father thought would make him a model man. Among other features of this upbringing was the pleasant method devised by the parent to awaken the youth. Instead of jolting him from sleep by simply calling him, or shaking him, servants entered his bedchamber and waked him by playing soft sweet music. What piece would you like to have waft you out of the arms of Morpheus and into an eight o'clock? (We don't think there is either.)

Our favorite definition of a crooner. A singer who stops for breath every time he runs out.

There's been a lot of to-do in various cities recently over people making unnecessary noises. In New York Mayor LaGuardia has been demanding quiet in his usual loud manner, and Chicago cops have been ordered to clamp down on all automobile horn-blowing. We can't help recalling conditions down in Porto Rico. Down there they've got



a law which automatically makes a motorist liable for any accident that he might be in while his horn is silent. But if the said motorist sounds the klaxon just before or during the wreck he's cleared, and none of the injured parties can sue him. Take it from us the resulting din is really terrific. Most of the people just hitch up their horns with the ignition so that when the motor starts so does the horn. Or at least it seems that way.

From the "Modes and Manners" column of the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette:

Q. "How should a judge be addressed in writing?—P. L."

A. As the Hon. Charles Michael. But what if his name is Smith?

So long folks, Ethiopia.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

A young business man and deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign, which was to be hung up in the front of the church, advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign, but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken, they read: "Unto us a son is born, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide."

—Yellow Crab.

"Hello! This is long distance. I have a call for you from Miami."

"Hello! This is Ben. Listen, Jack, I'm stranded here and need \$100."

"I can't hear from you. Something is wrong with the 'phone."

"I want \$100."

"I can't hear you."

Operator—"I can hear it O. K."

"Well, you give him the \$100."

—Punch Bowl.



"—and do you know what that nasty doctor did to me when I got off the table?"

—Punch Bowl

You all must have known that she died last winter after a lifetime of persistent gaiety, but did you know the tragic details of her passing?

'Twas a night around Christmas, and all through the house—no, that's another story. But anyway it was a darn cold night and as she lay shivering among the icicles on her deathbed, her dry, blue, thin, cracked, frozen, anguished, chapped, dry, blue, thin—where am I? lips parted. As Little Audrey sputtered with a final gasp, her relations clustered in an icy group around her, she gasped:

"Hah, hah, I won't be cold where I'm going!"

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

"O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby: "The hell you could, you don't have any teeth."

—Froth.

THE CHEMIST'S PSALM

Mr. Evans is my Chem prof; I shall not pass.

He maketh me to do experiments and balance equations; he leadeth me among the strong acids.

He destroyeth my sense of smell; he leadeth me in the paths of chemistry for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the laboratories of old N. U., I shall fear more evil, for he is with me; his test tubes and breakers discomfort me.

He bombardeth me with questions in the presence of mine classmates; he anointeth my head with slams; my eye runneth over.

Surely atoms and molecules shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the Chem lab forever.

(Necessarily) Anonymous.

It was intermission at the Prom, and everybody came inside to rest.

—Rice "Owl."

Crack--Crack--Crack

"The monotony of this work will drive me mad," Steve thought.

How he wished that he had followed the advice given him by his parents and high school teachers. They had told him to work hard at chemistry and stay on the straight and narrow. Then Steve had fallen into bad company, a crowd of boys who jeered at the idea of slaving away long hours in a chem. lab. "Listen, sonny," they had said, "you'll never make anything that way. Just string along with us

and we'll show you a time." Fool that he was to follow them, to enter into their wild scheme. What had their leadership done for him? Put him to working along with several other unfortunates 'breaking big ones into little ones' in the institutional slang. God, how glad he'd be when his year was served out, when he'd have no more sledges to lift, no more rocks to crack. Then he'd reclaim himself in his parents' eyes by going to college and studying chemistry. He'd make good and force people to forget his year spent taking freshman geology.

"Johnny, your lessons aren't done today. Where did you go last night?"

"To the movies with a girl."

"Get out of this class for a week."

"Where did you go last night, Tommy?"

"Out parking with a girl."

"Go home and stay two weeks."

"Where are you going, Oscar?"

"Teacher, my school days are over."

—Widow.

"No, Miss Murgatroyd, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house."

—Old Line.



"It's a little idea I thought up all by myself."

—California Pelican

NAVY BALL

• • November Fifteenth • •

TED WEEMS and HERBIE KAY

"CHIPS"

STEWART MERRILL



FAVORITE POETRY SNATCHES

"Don't play with matches." —BURNS.
"The gravy's in the skillet,
The turkey's in the oven." —BROWNING.

FOOTBALL STATISTICS

Cruice gains	4.5 yds. per try
Swisher gains	5.6 yds per try
Chambers gains	6.8 lbs. per meal

BIG EXPOSE

The income of the average football player is about ten minutes late.



If all the students who sleep in class rooms were laid end to end . . . well, anyway they'd be more comfortable.

AL LIND says that the football team must keep in condition even while on road trips. On the trip to Ohio he was peeved because the train was allowed to smoke and choo.

In college a man yearns for a girl. After college he yearns for a wife. After marriage the "Y" is silent.



THE FACULTY SPEAKS—

"When you run out of soap quit washing."
Mr. Axtell, Educational Psych.
"Yawning is no tribute to me."
Prof. Byron, Sociology.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

In football it takes "set-ups" to make "up-sets."

DAVE LOTT is gone, but after watching a few coeds amble down the sidewalk, I see that his "Youth Movement" still lingers on.

CLARENCE DARROW SAYS: "Whenever I hear people discussing birth control, I always remember that I was the fifth."



Advice of Wiseyak Alton

By Benson Jewel

Boys, it seems tew me that the art ov choozing a gurl is becoming a lawst won, whairfor it behoovs me tew enform yew ov how it is dun, that is, the whyes and whairfors ov doing what is dun, and the aprooved methuds by whitch hour objektives are obtained.

Furst look yew well tew hur generul outlines in order tew asertane if thay be plesing, praktikal, and, if yew are suffering frum a defishencie ov leegal tender, if thay be eekonomikal. If thay are nobby and apeer tew be rather karelesslie hung together, thay are not so good tew hav around, for, as Ceezer wunce sed, thay are likely tew be hungry, and that is not desireable bekause it is bothersum tew hav them continually whineing for fewd and also bekause it is not eekonomikal. Also skinny wimmin are not praktikal be-

kause thay are for the most part rather frayl and not tew able tew do hard labor sutch as bringing in wood, shoveling cole, driving muels, and other things. If thay be tew mutch layden with bulk, thay are not mutch betur than if thay were skinny, but thay are generally not so hungry, and that is both an eekonomikal and peccful sichuation. On the other hand, thay are not so eekonomikal bekause thay are hard on springs ov all kinds, sutch as beds, if your beds hav springs, and buggie seats. If yew have had a woomin of serplus poundage bestowed on yew by fate or uther wise, have her sit allternately on won and then the uther side ov the buggie seat so that it will not slope tew won side and be both uncomfortable and ugly tew look at. If theese things are hard for yew tew ascertain due to the many tricks they wimmin use to decieve

yew, take them to the beech, and then they can not generally fewl yew to eny grate extent.

Nekst look yew well tew the teeth. If thay are a dark brown in culor, it may meen that she chews tobacco, whitch yew should not approve ov hur doing outside ov the house. Next place your fingers upon won tewth and then the uther to asertane if thay be solid or if thay be lewse and wiggle from side tew side, and look well that yew clean your finger after the operation for thair is no telling what jermis linger thair. If her teeth are vary lewse it may mean that she is ov some age or that she has not been eeting hard fewd. The latter yew may remeedy with sum perswasion, but the former yew can not. Also if you wiggle hur teeth in this manner and thay are false, thay will be likely to fall out and she will not deceeve yew. Altho false teeth are diskonserting, thay are at the same time eekonomikal, for thay may be tayken out and washed with soap and watter and sayve the price of tewth payste for shews.

Hur eyes are a good thing to look intew. Thay dew well tew be ov the same culler, for this is thair normle stayt. If thay be brown or bloo, or eeven green, it is all rite, but if thay red or perple it is well to deal the woomin a severe blow upon the skul tew see if thay fall out, for thay may be false. If this happens it meens looks don't meen everything to hur, and she likes yew, if she dus, for uther things than your looks. This is fine if yew like blind wimmin. It is well tew conduct ferther tests, if hur eyes do not fall out, to asertane if she be blind. Hold three fingers immedieately before hur eyes, and if she tells yew thair are five she is either a liar or she is blind

(Continued on Page 30)



"He now up creek without paddle."

—Punch Bowl.

*They tell about
an Englishman—*

*Who closely scrutinized
His income tax blank
And then sent it back*

With the following notation:

*"I have given the matter careful thought
And have decided not to join
The Income Tax."*

. . .

Now getting around to cigarettes

There are no ifs ands or buts

About Chesterfield

Two words make everything clear . . .

They Satisfy



*Chesterfield ... the cigarette that's **MILDER**
Chesterfield ... the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER***





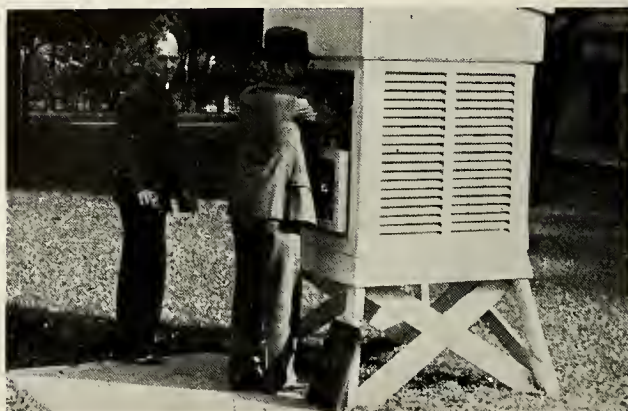
"Modern, Attractive, Fireproof"

PROFESSORS AND

THEIR LIFE
IN WORD AND PICTURE



"Come up an' see my etchings sometime."



"What! Only two eggs today?"



"Look! There's that man again."



"So I sez to de guy . . ."



"I just know they're all looking at me."



"Now when I was in college . . ."

PRODIGIES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FRED S. NIEMANN



Lulu's back in town.



"Yes; but have you heard the one about . . . ?"



Professor Brown goin' to town.



No buts about this.



2B or not 2B



Design for Living



"No! Did he?"



EXPOSÉ

by AUNT POLLY

There's no use beatin' around the bush. We might as well be to the point. What point? Pin points, of course. And that reminds us of a point that we've been wanting to get around to for an awful long time—Melba Dorman—not the point—but the pin. It seems that the cherished badge comes from away,—away down South. Looks like another uncivil war—. Sig Chis stuck another one too—a nice gold one mounted on a lemon—Squeazy Lemon, one Alpha Chi Omega who definitely chooses not to run in any beauty contest on any campus. Thanks, Nina.

Whoops! Prepare yourself for the scoop of the month. ECA sells out—right in the middle of the dance floor at Charity Ball (felt like sellin' out myself), Man mountain Day, of "I Virgil, Incorporated" hung his Theta Xi identification on Gracey Mary Billings. A statement secured shortly after the joyous event seemed very astounding to all those who heard. To quote Mr. Day, "It's just one of those things—but we've finally mastered the situation." President Walter Dill could not be reached for a statement. However he is in accord with the ECA.

Johnny Raymond, blond Venus from the north, has come out of his frozen attitude toward all D.G.s—beg your pardon—toward one D.G., and put the pin on Gilmore of the sweet voice. The Eadie Lou Docekal train has started up again, and has just pulled out of the Pi Phi station. Wade Nichols is the special passenger on this ride.

Nichols pays the customary fare of one fraternity pin. Maybe we're wrong—we'd like to be.

If you can imagine a fanfare of trumpets we'll announce the budding romance of the month—Henderson and Phelps, of Gamma Phi. Much to Marie Stevenson's distress that big package of letters and postcards went by the Alpha Phi house and found their final resting place in the hands of the butcher's new flame. Congrats go to Marie. Yas—that's what we said. We'll wait 'til a later date to extend best wishes to you, Jane.

By the way, the Phi Psis are having a lot of trouble taking care of Shirl Richardson, Theata Joy, for alumnus Taylor. Chip's special delegate, Bill Nieman, is having his usual tough sledding with competition just over the horizon. The honorable Mr. Southward of Phi Delta Theta, and Pete Lambrose are trying to destroy the Phi Psi myth.

We won't say much about this. We just want to ask one question. Why doesn't Stackhouse shave properly? It's a little hard on the chin of a certain petit Delta Gamma. While we're in that huvel we take note that the Louise Hammond, Chet Ensley, and Bob Williamson triangle is rapidly coming to a climax now that Bob is out of school. More credit to you, Louise, for some very clever finessing.

After all, somebody out of the whole gang that trecked wearily down to Ohio ought to remember what happened. We can't find out a thing, except about a few Phi Dels who seemed to lose their grip—but not like you think. Barker, Triloft, Thomas and Smyzer, whaja matt? Then, too, there were a few unconventional people who attended the game in full dress, left over from the Charity Ball of the

night before. But we won't discuss the matter further—too disgusted with the condition of the dress suits after that long ride.

Vin Bonderud pledges his entire Next month's allowance to increase the fund that some happy day will send Ruth Hoagland on a one way journey to China (she spent his last month's allowance at the Charity Ball). Why, Ruthy—and after that glorious day playing down on the beach with Teddy Boor Lambrose. Were you trying to make up for those lonely Friday nights Ted spent without you?

Virginia Bannister was refused admittance to Dyche Stadium for the second half of one of the early football affairs (the one we won). She presented her credentials, all three bottles of the amber fluid of joy but the gatekeeper thought that PABST she'd better go home. So little Ginny went and went and went—for three whole hours—and finally reached the loving arms of the K.K.G.s. The question is, where was she during those three hours? If anybody knows, will he or she please notify Ginny. She is really dying to know how she and her three little bottles got home so safely.

Note of interest: Ginny Kent, tired of th male aspects of NU n you n you, retired to Connecticut College for women.

Other notes of interest: Kappa Alpha Thetas are getting particular about whom they pledge—now that there are so many little gurls longing for that privilege. Very strange, very strange,—and they've always been so charitable, too. And you must hear the latest about Cruise and Duval. It's according to the Huddle News that they were the only ones assured of *births* on the Wildcat squad.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Our Joe"



(Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of intimate biographies of campus celebrities. We have focused especial attention on the esteem in which he is held by his fraternity brothers, coeds, professors and divers others. Each has contributed a piece in praise of Joe.)

"Joe's a heluva fine fellow—we all think the world of him. Never will forget the night he got mad at one of our pledges. He made the little bugger eat three pounds of butter, a dozen raw eggs, a dozen brussels sprouts, and a plug of tobacco. Then he made him run out to No-Man's Land and back and take an ice bath

in the lake. Then he sorta of laid off of him and hung him out on the fire escape for the night. Joe shoulda been president of our lodge, but somehow or other he was sidetracked into the keeper-of-the-sacred-bull's office. By all odds he holds his likkur better than anyone I ever saw and eat—we had to fix a special table for him in the basement. His favorite dish is pickled rhubarb. I don't think Joe's been to class all year, but does he string the profs along—of course his grades aren't so hot, but then what's that? Joe kinda likes the women too. The Gammas go for him in a big way. The best one he ever pulled was having two dates at once at the Calmer House—one in the Commonwealth Room and one in the bar and he kept going back back and forth from one to the other—it was going great until he saw Carrie Jacket in the lobby and tried to date her too. Then he got caught fair—but he got out of it somehow. That's about all I can say—he's one swell Joe!"

"Oh, Joseph—yes, he's a perfect gentleman—but the kind of gentleman that all women like if you know what I mean, Mr. Editor. Joe comes to all our parties and puts life into them and even though he goes to sleep as he did at the last three why he still puts pep into things—and jokes, why Joseph knows them all. We girls love to sit around on winter evenings and hear Joe tell them. Joe has always preferred the Gamma House—of course, he goes around to all the houses, but then he's just experimenting—he told me so. Joe should have been elected Gamma sweetheart, except that he wouldn't leave the room while we were voting and of course, we couldn't vote

for him to his face—yes, we all love Joseph!"

"I am very pleased to be able to relate a few things that I know about the life of one Joseph Cariu Swatts whom I have known these past few years as a student and all his life through the kind words of his many friends. A fitting tribute to his sterling character is found in the fact that his fellow men affectionately refer to him as 'Our Joe'! He is very much interested in the finer things of life and although he has difficulty in coming to class regularly he always has a perfectly legitimate excuse and is more than manly in presenting his reasons for absence. For instance, last Friday, he was unable to attend class but was straightforward enough to call me immediately afterwards and tell me that he had accidentally forgotten his aunt's birthday and had to purchase her present. Poor fellow, he was so upset he could scarcely talk. Yes, 'Our Joe' is a very fine boy."

(Ed's note: Divers persons are here represented by the Barkeep at the Hel Rio, well known night spot.)

"Joe Swatts?—shure I know him—fine gent—best customer the Hel Rio has had since old Tony reformed. He can hold his liquor with the best of them—why you should have seen him drink a bunch of these wise guys under the table last Thursday night—wasn't even warmed up when they passed out—began to get a little tight around seven o'clock Friday morning, but at eleven o'clock he was still going strong—stood right up to this here phone and gave his prof some old line about his Aunt's birthday—shure—I know Joe."

Famous Artists

As Interpreted by
"SPEED" WHEELER
Bring them all back
for

Homecoming

VERSE?

I am a little college boy;
I drink beer,
And my little tummy sticks—
Way out here!

Freshman: Yeah, I know she's awful smart because every time I ask her for a date, she has to study.

—Rammer-Jammer.



"Gee, Willie, it seems good to be back, don't it?"

A lad looking through the telescope in Dearborn Observatory the other night, muttered, "Gawd!"

Pretty good telescope.

—Froth.

Sorority Girl: I think it is positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night when they go to bed. It is absolutely immoral.

Roommate: But looking down from the window I didn't see anything.

Girl: I know, not from there. But put that chair on the desk, get on it and lean way over to the left and tell me what you see.

—Exchange.

'Alas, alack, Hector, I'm engaged to a girl with a wooden leg!"

"Tsk, tsk, Egbert, and have you tried to break it off?"

—Beanpot.

Ideal for serving to your summer guests: sponge cake.

—Texas Ranger.



"Phi Gam wasn't like this when I was here!"



"And I'm sure Kawal has forgotten how you stole his gal and so all the Betas want you back for Homecoming."

Headline in local paper: WOMAN FOUND SANE; MUST DIE.

—Black and Blue Jay.

Co-ed: "I should think you'd be ashamed to look at me or to talk to me on the street."

Joe Col: "I am, but I've got to be polite."

—Froth.

"Did you hear about the boy who worked down at the livery stable?" He never did have any luck with girls because he had too much horse scents."

—Texas Ranger.

FRATERNITIES

There are a great many of these groups on the campus and in order to avoid needless inconvenience, trouble, and annoyance it is advisable to join one of them the first week or so. In this way the newcomer dispenses with the necessity of much argument and will be left in comparative tranquility. The number of fraternities has been increased materially of late due to the recently adopted custom on the part of the Deltas of dividing their freshmen delegation into 100 divisions of 40 men each and forming new chapters. Most of the fraternity houses look alike. This was done for the purpose of confusing visiting brothers and in order to put all the fraternities on an equal basis. The plan worked admirably until the Phi Deltas redecorated their house using Cooley's Cupboard as a motif. NOTE: In addition to their Evanston house the Deltas have leased the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st floors of the Stevens Hotel in Chicago to take care of their Sophomores.

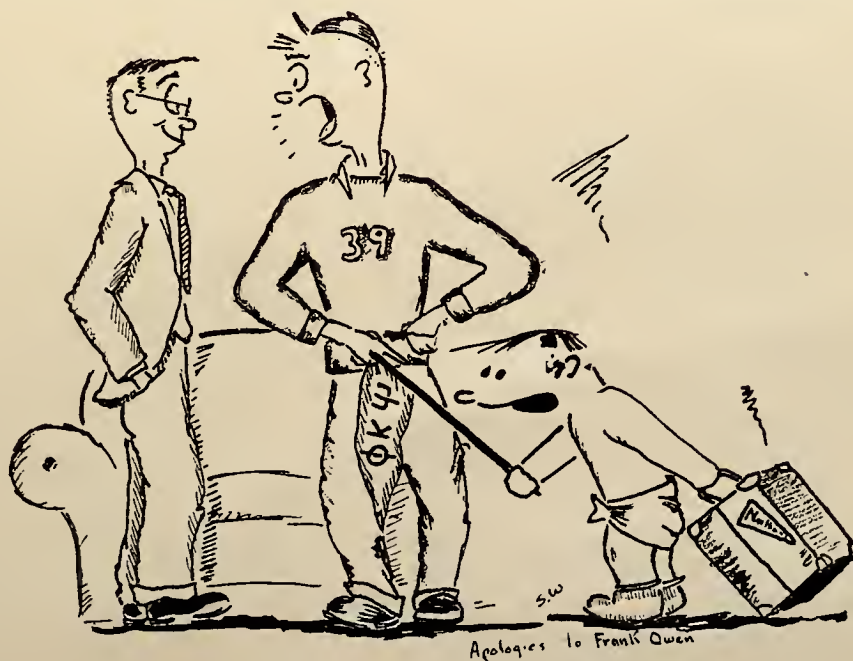
—N. F.

Babe: "Where were you last night?"

Shiek: "With you, babe."

Babe: "Thanks, I wasn't sure. Then you're the fellow dad's looking for."

—Punch Bowl.



"He says he's from the class of '39 and he wants a room!"



Mary McSherry

Prods a Little Originality
into POLLY

The Grand Canyon has nothing on Thanksgiving Day, which is a Grander Gorge than the Canyon ever thought of being. And all the stuffing isn't in the turkey, either. It certainly was funny the time dear Grandma plum forgot the pudding.

"Good gravy!" my old, silver-haired, rheumatic, kindly, white-bearded, beloved grandfather exclaimed in protest that the meal should mince right pie without dessert.

"Thanks," said my grandmother. "It was my mother's recipe."

Like life football is full of ups and downs. But dark rooms are just as full of passes as any football field, and pretty darn forward ones, too. Another thing about the game—I've lost a lot of money on it. All silver, of course, since we're off the goal standard. The last game I went to I bet two bits, but I never did get my full-quarter-back.

But as I stir out of my referee of football memories, one startling observation comes to mind:

All the bleachers I see at football games look more like Jean Harlow than wooden grandstands.

For years we've read the Society Column and gasped at the shockingly untrue writeups. It's time for an unbiased report of some social happening to be published and allow us therefore, to present to you the first known society story free from the tarnish of "soft soap."

"Friday evening 300 gay couples—growing steadily gayer toward morning—danced to the strains of Jack Hasford's so-called music. Practically every one of social prominence was there. That is to say, every one with \$4.50 to spend for an evening of very doubtful entertainment. Not so many beautiful gowns were seen. In fact, none were seen at all, but several passable ones were worn by some of the social satellites in our up and doing (doing too much judging by their appearances) young and middle aged sets.

"Mrs. Fawler Down chose for this gala occasion the gown which this year masquerades under the title of 'Dubonet crepe,' but which we wrote up last year as wine colored crinkle silk. It is cut on very severe lines to make her look as thin as possible and boasts only one ornament—a synthetic pearl collar.

"A stunning cordial-green satin for-

mal was seen on Mrs. Landy Pangborn, (nee Gertie Watts) who despite her inability to make Junior League made nearly every eligible man there including her own husband. Her outfit is properly described as stunning, if you know what I mean.

"The dress into which Miss Jayne—remember when she spelled it 'Jane'?—Townsend was poured was a silver lame, fitted to give her the benefit of every doubt. Her partner caused some comment at first, many believing that he was laboring under the misapprehension that the dance was a costume ball. It finally developed that the ensemble of flowing tie, unpressed trousers and dark shirt was his usual one due to his pro-Russian sentiments.

Age may mellow wine, but wine hell did they ever get Willard Hall mixed up with wine in the first place? Shades of Jehovah! (And staircases and rugs from even before his time!)

Now if a girl from Willard Hall went with a boy named Art and she was waiting for him one night, she might say, (all this for a snappy pun ending) "Willard never come?"



"Hurry up, boys, Waldorf wants him too!"

—Froth

Politicians and Garbage Collectors

or

"Have You Ever Been To Church?"

Ed's Note: Unfortunately due to death, calamity, disaster, the plague and the censor we couldn't print what was supposed to go here—you wouldn't have enjoyed it anyway. We stuck in this here just to liven up the page.



EASY, EASY

Femme: I heard you went riding with Jack last night. Was he careful?

Sister: I'll say he was! He came to a complete stop at every curve.

—*Sour Owl.*

Sergeant—"Count off."

The Squad—"two, three, four—"

Sergeant—"Hey, buddie, aren't you one?"

Coy Chap—"How did you know?"

—*Red Cat.*

She was only a painter's daughter, but there was nothing shellacked.

—*Exchange.*

In Soda Parlor: "Say, Will, why doncha use the other straw, too?"

"What for? I ain't emptied this one yet."

—*Stevens Tech Stone Mill.*

"Do you love overpowering men?"

"I never do the overpowering."

—*Punch Bowl.*

Six year old Mary awoke about two o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother, "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Date: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine, doesn't it?"

Coed: "Don't talk foolish. Wait until we get out of town."

—*Georgia Cracker*

COME ON OVER

She: How was your party last night?

Voice on Wire: Oh, we're having a shwell time.

—*Punch Bowl.*

She—"I drove my ball clear out of sight."

He—"Did it go into the woods?"

She—"No."

He—"Here's another ball then."

—*Bear-Skin.*

"It's for the Syllabus."



CAMPUS FASHIONS

"BE YOURSELF" is or should be the first maxim of the well dressed man. Your own personality can be the mirror of your appearance, but to put personality into a man you must bring it out of him. Almost every man has some revealing or redeeming feature. Sketched here are a number of important items of apparel that are authentic Fall Fashions.



*Sleeveless
Pullover sweater*

Hand finished mohair yarn sweater; in the short sleeveless pullover type. Worn on the Campus and in the Country; and with the V-neck to add to its smart finish.



*Over coat
of camel's hair -*

Now that the ulster is back this season, we find that it is being worn at football games; in snowy and stormy weather; and also for town and business wear. This style is a six button double breasted model with a belted two button back.

A symphonic arrangement of color distinction for Formal Wear is the decided trend for this year's Campus collection. Midnight blue being the shade for the tails and the dinner coats; stiff bosomed shirts with the colored bodies in tune with the tails; the fanciful boutonniere in yellow or deep red; and the contrast of the yellow scarf for the finishing touch of color. These smart styles give a man creative personality.

Here is a typical example of how the country is going clannish; the Scotch influence has taken the nation by storm; the Rob Roy, the Royal Scot, the MacPherson, and the many other Scottish clans. Mufflers of all wool in these plaid designs are very striking contrasts to the grey, oxford grey, or black overcoats.



*Scotch Tartan
muffler*

FOR MEN

Walter C. Jerige

FORECASTING FASHIONS. Notes for this coming winter. Midnight Blue again comes to the foreground, this time in something entirely different; this popular shade "Blacker Than Black" now makes its bow in Silk Opera Hats. These collapsible toppers are no longer a thing of great rarity but have become a matter of necessity and distinction.



*Argyle
piped
hosing—*

Following the undisputed claim that the Royal Families of England are the leaders in dress, we find the now world renowned Duke of Kent the most looked upon stylist in the world today. He has set a style that reaches all ends of the earth, his famous Duke of Kent collar. The sketch shows the wide spread collar in the new fall shirtings. Note the large knot of the tie.



*The popular undressed
collar attached shirt*

Patterned argyles again make their appearance in their fast growing prominence on the Campus. The all-wool or wool and rabbits hair mixed are alike in popularity, and the colorful designs these hose are arranged in indicate the extensive demand for color this Fall.



*White stiff double
collar with soft
colored shirt*

Color—Color—Color

Footnotes of color are this year's headlines, men having internationally followed the vogue of color. Designed here for this very purpose is a colored broadcloth shirt in the neckband style. Fashion leaders bring back a mode of the past, the white collar on a colored shirt, the Duke of Kent collar gives this shirt an outstanding appearance.

Gloves for the Winter Season offer many new and interesting styles and trends. The gloves leading the parade in Townwear is the Hand Sewn Pigskin in the natural shades or the dark brown Mocca. String gloves in yellow, white, and grey are quite popular on the Campus. For dress in the evening, again the yellow chamois is still the pronounced favorite.

Illustrations and descriptions are from The Store for Men, Marshall Field and Company.

purple parrot

**Runs across some
Last Minute Dirt
and gives you the
lowdown**

Melba Dohrman now sports a Pi K A pin from some distant campus. We agree that there's safety in distance.

Nina Jewel ("Squeegy") Lemon exhibits a Sig Chi pin from Michigan. As usual, "it doesn't mean a thing." Why is it, we ask, that pins from other campuses don't have the same meaning that pins from this institution do?

Phil Doherty, the big political man, is now trying to recover his pin in Milwaukee so that he can hang it on Lois Tucker, Alpha Phi transfer. Somehow his fast talking doesn't seem to be getting him anywhere this time.

Ruth Noyes and "Doc" McAdams have been seen a great deal at the library here lately. What has the library got that the Huddle hasn't? Also they have been known to cut classes and classes in order to have a "bit of soup" supposedly.

Has Al Kruse succumbed to the Richardson lure? Scoop's, "Soft-drink" emporium is seriously considering charging Page Colburn room rent. Or is he just a decoy? We wonder!

Two orchids to the new night-watchman . . . we like his attitude!

We agree that the Sig Nus shouldn't spend so much money on their dates by taking them to Arnie's.

Here's to the best alumni party of the month, Charity Ball—at least there was plenty of room to dance!

Ruth Hoagland is rapidly getting the reputation of being the most expensive date on campus. Is that true, Bond-crud?

Al Aymond, who unwisely offered his pin again and was thrown for a loss by one Kay Billings, freshie, is now looking for easier prey in the Alpha Phi direction.

It seems the Chi Os didn't like Ohio State; they were all at the Charity Ball.

Surprise! We have finally found on this campus a man who has been engaged for seven years and to the same girl too! None other than Wally Mueller. And having met the young lady in question we agree with Wally.

Have you heard of the library picnic episode? (This came out in the "Daily" by mistake but not correctly, however!) It seems that three prominent men on campus (B. M. O. C.s to you) were allowed the use of one of Deering's seminar rooms for supposedly, a Student Governing Board meeting one night not so long ago. However, it turned into a picnic with three girls, an extra man, plates, forks, and even food.

We were promised some dirt about Bill Boger and "Johnny" Wakeman, but as the "Parrot" had to go to press too soon, we will have to disappoint you. Better luck next time.

We've discovered that Fred Borchert can talk anyone into anything, anywhere, anytime, and anyhow. Witness his appointment as co-chairman of Homecoming.

Roberta Butzloff received so many birthday presents from her campus admirers that she is thinking seriously of holding a special showing and charging a penny admission. At that, she'd make money.

We've heard of another uprising at good old Willard. More power to you, freshies. Even the waiters go over to Hoo's to eat!

"Buddy Rogers" Hediger has at last succumbed and hung his pin on a D. G. It must be the real thing.

One Gama Phi is again battling in the Pavey league. What's the matter, Bill, are you weakening?

Bill Haines has hung his pin finally, but we haven't been able to find out who the poor girl is.

In answer to the rumors that are afloat concerning the appearance of a student near the west exit to the campus on the day of enrollment carrying a book under his arm, we wish to state that the rumor is based on truth.

The young man was carrying a book under his arm on the day of enrollment. The book in question was one of the latter popular novels which the young man was returning to a rental office on Davis, not, as witnesses thought, a textbook.

The three professors who fainted on the steps of the U. H. are doing nicely.
—*Texas Ranger*.

HOT STUFF

It was a lonely country road on a balmy moonlight night. Suddenly without any warning the car came to a stop.

She: "Now if you're going to pull that one about the gas—"

He: "Nothing of the kind. We are not out of gas. The motor is not missing. We do not have a flat tire. We—"

She: "So you have an original excuse."

He: "There isn't any excuse. The only reason I stopped is because I want to neck."

She: "Oh! That is different. Why didn't you say—mmmm—."
—*Buccaneer*.

AND LOOK INNOCENT

If they look young, they're old.

If they look old, they're young.

If they look back—for heaven's sake, follow 'em.

—*Punch Bowl*.

Mrs. O'Toole: He'vins above, Mrs. O'Malley, an' did yoh'se hear of that terrible wreck — forty-eight Eyetalians an' one Irishman were killed?

Mrs. O'Malley: Faith and Oi didn't! The poor man!

—*Montreal Goblin.*

RETORT DEVASTATING

Young Innocent — "Your husband grows on a person, Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Brown — "Yeah, the little wart."
—*Lord Jeff.*

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth—less 26% for inheritance taxes.

—*Pelican.*

He: Pardon me, dear, but your stockings seem rather wrinkled.

She: You brute! I have no stockings on.

—*Bison.*

An Englishman and an Irishman were returning to their native countries on board one of the larger ocean liners. As the ship neared the Irish coast, the Irishman, leaning over the rail, cried, "Hurrah for Ireland!"

"Hurrah for Hell!" returned the Englishman.

"That's all right," replied the Irishman. "Every man for his own country!"

From somewhere comes this account of a tense moment at the Chi-O house. A Phi Delt and a Sigma Nu were staging their last desperate stand for the favor of the Chi-O that's known as Lou. Everyone in the house gathered around to witness the last struggle.

"I grabbed my watch as the lights went out

—two pins flashed in the dark, A woman screamed and the lights went up, sweet shades of Washington Park!

The Phi Delt's crest was pinned to the breast of the Chi-O that's known as Lou,

While the Chi-O cook wore a startled look and the pin of a Sigma Nu!"

—*Siren.*

"Last night the plumber came back to my apartment just when I was taking a bath."

"What did he forget?"

"Everything."

—*Log.*

Senior: "I had great fun at the club last night. They had a beer-drinking contest."

Junior: "You don't say. Who won second prize?"

—*Panther.*

HURRY-UP JOB

He had just stolen a hurried kiss. "Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly.

"Sure!" he replied, "but they take more time."

—*Red Cat.*

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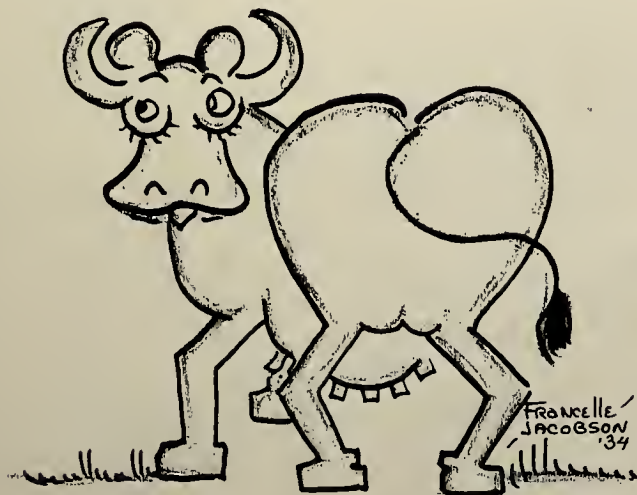
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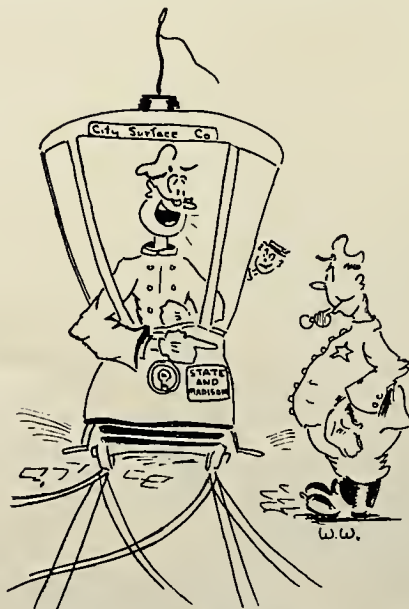
JEWEL

(Continued from Page 16)

or she can't count, which is not so gud in eny case, for she will be hard to get along with. Ferther, if yew are wealthy, yew will pass a quartur before hur eyes, but not within reech so yew will be safe in case she is not blind, and if she does not display emotion, yew will no she cannot see. If won eye apeer tew be looking east and the uther tew be looking west, and this be hur usual condishun, it is safe to konklude that hur eyes are crossed. This is a slitley disconserting condishun to face, but if yew like guessing games, it will amuse yew.

Hur nose will be purty obvious tew yew, and yew shud be able tew tell without mutch trouble whether it please yew or not. Mainly, look well that it does not cover a tew large porshun of hur face, or protrude redikulously far thairfrom.

Hur hair shud be ov a normal colur, sutch as brown, blak, red, yellow, and so on, and if it be ov some colur sutch as purple or green it is safe to assoom that she has died it, which is expensive and uneekonomikal. Hur hair shud be thik enof that yew may view hur without seeing hur skull through it, and it shud be free from vermin. If yew pull hur hair and it cum out in hand fulls, it meens probably that she shud wash it oftener, which yew shud urge hur to



"Can you tell me the way
to State and Madison?"

dew, but if you entirelie remove hur hair by pulling it, yew may conclood that she has attempted to decteeve yew by wearing a wig. A wig is not so bad, if yew like bald headed wimmin, for it offers an oppoortoonity for variety in color and length, and also if she remove her wig while cooking, the danger of hair in the fewd is not so grate.

If these things are satisfactory tew yew, yew should asertane hur disposishun. If yew put cracker crumbs in hur bed and she bekoms angrie, hur disposishun is not so gud, but if she eat them, she will probably be eesy to get along with.

I hope I have helped yew to no how to pick a gud gurl, and if I can help yew som more, please let me no and I will be glad to.

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REVIEW--

Eleanor Dodgson

Tells About the

New Terrace Garden



"Gwynne" is the first illusionist to perform with the audience entirely around him and introduces several original novelties that have never been shown on any stage. One of these features his version of the "Girl in the Fishbowl." From an empty aquarium Gwynne produces a real live girl dressed to represent a goldfish, drawing her out with a special line and hook to which she hangs by her teeth. Another of his gay deceptions is the production of a dozen bowls of water and goldfish right in the center of the dance floor. Gwynne is said to be the only non-oriental to accomplish this astonishing illusion under such conditions. Gathered from the four corners of the earth, his mysteries are new, original and surprising. In the "Temple of An Gee" Gwynne learned of the



"American Can hits a new low."

marvelous secret of disintegration and performs it nightly, complete with a small model of the temple itself.

What more could you ask?—Mystery, splendor, the romance of music, and your merrymaking is complete. It should be enough to make you people want to choose the Morrison for your evening of fun.

Education Made Easy

All you collegians who have a yen for a lot of atmosphere are going to find plenty of it when you go down Morrison way. The well known Terrace Gardens have accomplished a complete new scheme of decorations which surpasses the former outlay. A new cocktail lounge, modern to the "xth" degree, has been installed in the foyer. The entire scene glows from the unique lighting system—quite the latest.

The Terrace Garden entertainment will be Enric Madriguera and his NBC Orchestra, direct from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Rosalean and Seville, New York's smart dance duo, the King's Jesters, formerly with Paul Whiteman, and "Gwynne," famous magician, known as the "Aristocrat of Deception."

The King's Jesters have returned from a successful tour and will be heard soon in a new series of broadcasts from the NBC Chicago studios. They not only made hits wherever they appeared but they also found a new soloist—pretty Marjorie Whitney, and she has been added to their group. Her contralto voice blends perfectly with those of the boys.



What famous museum claims the missing arms of this well-known figure? Answered in July issue.—Adv.



Hi-ya, Toots!
Waiting long?
Then let's go.
Slip on a wrap
And we'll have
A bite to eat.
The whole gang
Is already waiting
For us over at

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EXPOSE

(Continued from Page 20)

Well, one thing leads to another, and what should we see in front of the Theta house but a charming black perambulator. Whose it was will forever remain unknown, but the darling child inside was thrilled, we're sure, when Ginny Johnson made those sweetly sweet faces for it. Y'know, some-times we're fooled, but this one has us wondering.

Who was regretting the lack of co-operation between professors and students? Certainly not the Alpha Phee dl dee dees. It's just a matter of time now until our friend Kingery of the Spinach will be taking a couple of them out for a few short ones.

And speaking of short ones, ask Indo of the Key what she did with her sixteenth short one on a hot night last summer. If she gives you one of those devastating dirty looks, then you'll know that the firey water isn't so good for new flannel suits. That was one time Alice threw and didn't miss.

Men, are you wallflowers? This is our own special ad run for the Sig Alphs. Something's phoney up there. They're all losing their gals. Ask Mr. Dobbins about little Eloise.

A mighty strange tale's going the rounds concerning Kippy Kippy Gimme Wakeman and Billy boy Bolger. But we haven't time to tell you now, because we just remembered the expression on Al Aman's face when he gazes after the beautiful Alpha Xi. We're derved sick and we have to go now. If we don't recover we have only one request. Please don't let Page Kolburn advance his rent at "Scoops"



(Churchill Downs, sir). The fresh air might kill him and that would be too, too bad.

Scene in the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time—Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official Counter—"Say, what do ah do with this heah Republican ballot?"

—Owl.

Prof.: I love, thou love; he, she, it love; we love, you love, they love.

Student: What a helluva triangle this is going to make.

—Red Cat.

Lady: Will you pass the pepper?

Absent-minded Autoist: How fast is it going?

—Centre Colonel.

Asthma isn't passion.

—Red Cat.

"I see in the papers that a guy ate six dozen pancakes."

"Oh, how waffle!"

—Siren.

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and FORGET IT

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EVANSTON

Making some of the freshmen wear black ties is not such a bad idea at all. It's high time they found out about things like ties, shoes, and so on.

—Froth.

It seems that one of the fresher Freshmen was sorely in need of a date to something or other, so what does he do but call up the wench with whom he is more than friends. With a determined throb in his voice he wraps a hand around the nearest 'phone and ensues himself in conversation:

"Hello, Mary Jane, whatcha doing Saturday night?"

"I gotta date."

"Anna Saturday after that?"

"I gotta date."

"Anna nex' Saturday?"

"Gotta date."

"Good gawd, woman, doncha ever take a bath?"

—Humbug.

It's a great life if she weakens.

—Red Cat.

Hotel Clerk—I hope you enjoyed your stay with us, sir.

Departing Guest—Well, the bed was too hard, the price too high, the food was lousy, the service slow, there's too much noise, but, by gad, I certainly enjoyed your ice water.

—Punch Bowl.

New arrival: Could you direct me to the library?

Senior: Sorry, I've only been here three years myself.

—Cornell Widow.

He—"Oh, pardon me. Isn't this the men's dorm?"

She (frantically)—"No, and don't you dare come near room 27, third floor on the left in the North corridor!"

—Lyre.

"WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"

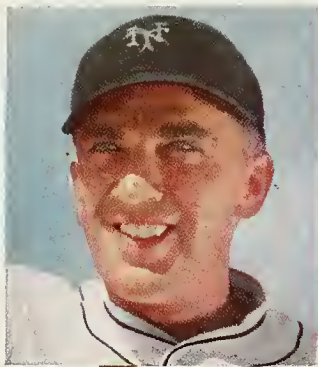


IF the sour notes of that stewy old pipe make you gasp and gag, remind the smoker that pipes—like pianos—have got to be kept tuned. Let him scrape out the bowl, ream out the stem, fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, and the pleasant aroma of clean Kentucky Burleys will fill the air. By hard work (and a little luck) we've found a blend that is noticeably milder to the tongue and sweet music to the nose. It's kept fresh in heavy gold foil. Try a tin and sing for joy.

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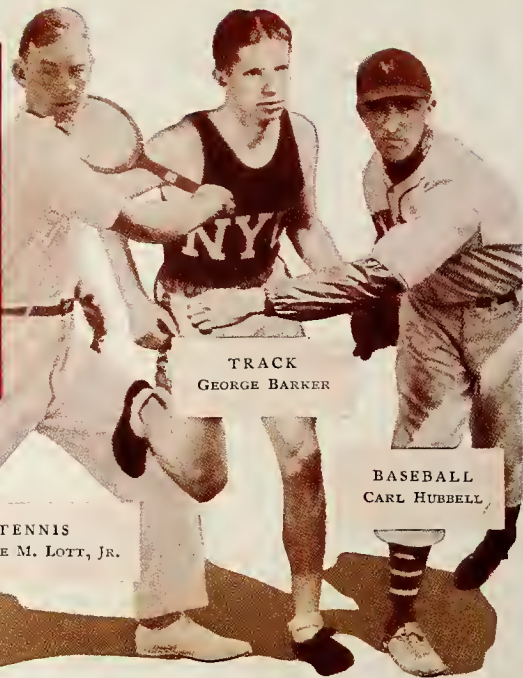


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CARL HUBBELL, of the N.Y. Giants,
likes Camel's mildness

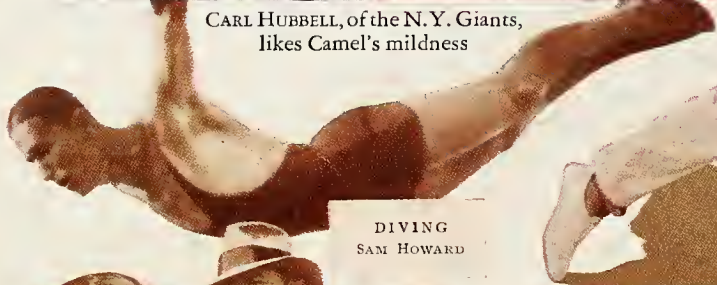
ATHLETES SAY:
"THEY DON'T
GET
YOUR WIND!"



TRACK
GEORGE BARKER

BASEBALL
CARL HUBBELL

TENNIS
GEORGE M. LOTT, JR.



DIVING
SAM HOWARD



GOLF
BILL MEHLHORN

SWIMMING
SUSAN VILAS

YOU'LL LIKE
THEIR
MILDNESS
TOO!



KEEPING IN "CONDITION" means much to every one
in enjoying life more. Smoke Camels, the cigarette ath-
letes say never upsets the nerves or disturbs the wind.

Read what athletes say about Camels

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Here's Bill Mehlhorn, the veteran golfer: "From years of experience, I know that Camels will never get my wind."

And George M. Lott, Jr., dynamic tennis star: "Camels never take the edge off my condition or get my wind, because they are mild."

Sam Howard and Susan Vilas, among the diving and swimming champions, and George Barker, the track star—all agree that Camels do not disturb their nerves or wind.

Why this mildness, approved by athletes, is important to you!

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SMOKE ALL
YOU WANT

Camels

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